The Theosophical FORUM

JUNE 1903

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An Outline of the Secret Doctrine:

COSMOGENESIS.

A series of articles with this title was published twelve years ago in LUCIFER, an attempt being made to follow the Stanzas, and to make clear the metaphysical and scientific principles involved in the teaching of the Building of the Worlds.

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"Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable, that has never been mixed up with sentiency? Atom that has never vibrated to pleasure or to pain? Air that has never been cry or speech? Drop that has never been a tear? Assuredly this dust has felt. It has been everything we know; and much that we cannot know. It has been nebula and star, planet and moon, times unspeakable. Deity also it has been,—the Sun-god of worlds that circled and worshipped in other aeons. Remember, Dust, Thou hast been Sun, and Sun Thou shall become again.....Thou hast been Light, Life, Love! And into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, Thou shalt many times be turned again!"

"The giving up not only of one life, but of countless lives,—not only of one world, but of innumerable worlds,—not only of natural, but of supernatural pleasures,—not only of selfhood, but of godhood,—is certainly not for the miserable pleasure of ceasing to be, but for a privilege infinitely out-weighing all that even paradise can give. It means only the passing of conditioned being into unconditioned being,—the fading of all mental and physical phantoms into the light of Formless Omnipotence, and Omniscience. But the Buddhist hypothesis holds some suggestion of the persistence of that which has once been able to remember all births and states of limited being,—the persistence of the identity in Nirvana, notwithstanding the teaching that all Buddhas are one."

"Gleanings in Buddha-fields" by LAFCADIO HEARN.

AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

Have you ever thought how much the educational outlook has to do with the acceptance or non-acceptance of reincarnation?

On one hand you have a being created and launched into the material world. It possesses a soul—a kind of latent something which is to be used some day when material life is ended and the being passes out into heaven, where souls belong. It can keep in touch with the maker of souls if it wishes, by means of prayer, and even if the prayers remain unnoticed, there is the maker's "Will."

It is obvious, then, that the first business of humans it to live successfully in the material world, and get all they can out of it. Certain ethics are propounded because of an innate sence of fairness.

The whole business of education then, should be to train the child to "meet the world." He shall tarry not in childhood's golden realms longer than he can help. He must not spend his first years in learning all about himself. That is a waste of time. His real self he will not need until he passes out. His material needs are provided for, but he must hurry for he is expected to provide for himself as soon as he can. He shall not learn things. He shall learn only to write the names of things. He shall have Life at second hand from those "older and wiser" than himself. He is not to learn self-control in those first years—oh no. He must go to school where he will be taught to write self-control. He must not learn all about cat and dog, and fire and clay, and incidentally much else. No. He can learn to write these words at school, and when he can read a newspaper—the doings of a world he should not yet be in—he will be his parents' pride.

Take the other view—that of re-incarnation. A soul comes into the material world, for certain experiences and developments. A soul that has been in the world many times before. A long past it has had, tho' its human self remembers not. Its very environment is its own—because related to it by the immutable law of attraction. It *is* a Soul. It has a body in order to be more in touch with matter.

It is obvious, then, that the humans should live from the soul,

and that all education should be with that aim; the child by himself obeys this law—for play is the highest expression of man—at the child stage. Froebel truly says: "The spontaneous play of the child shows the future, inner life of the man."

We shall, with this view of re-incarnation governing us, keep our hands off the child, standing as it were in an active-passive relation to him. For in his self-activity the child goes according to the law of his own development. Those who would educate the child, should be to him the interpreters of his own life. They cannot insist upon the form his life shall take. One soul may need to make certain mistakes over and over again in order to get certain reactions. If we could get at the law governing that soul's development, we should see that the mistakes were more lawful than any seeming virtues. The child should always be held up to his true self—in matters of vital importance. He should be left judiciously alone in other matters.

For if the child is a soul, be sure that it will speak to the personality and more forcibly, too, than any other can, knowing better its needs.

The first way—get all you can out of the material world. If you have made mistakes, or have done wrong, you can settle that all with God when the time comes for going to God's world.

The other way—Live from the Self and it will nourish and sustain you. You are always living—either in the causal or in the material world. See to it that the sequence of that Life is known to you. Study Life that you may interpret it to the child.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

AN APPLICATION OF THEOSOPHY.

Atonement, At-One-Ment, we are told sometimes, means at one with the Over-Soul, but the popular image conjured up by this term is "expiation," vicarious atonement meaning expiation by proxy. However pernicious this may appear to dissenters in its doctrinal form, it covers essentially a truth.

The story of any great religious teacher is a story of miracles; I use the word miracles because it is a term designating the numerous and apparently inexplicable acts, related of a Master, in which he heals the sick and cures the afflicted. It is not necessary that reference should be made to specific instances; such reference preventing, in a degree, an apprehension of the principles when the attention is fixed on the form in which they manifest. Whether this one was so or that one does not matter; I admit the possibility.

In regard to miracles; the everyday person is likely to either doubt their authenticity, or, believing them, suppose the cause to proceed primarily from an extra-cosmic deity. But students of the law of cause and effect view it differently. It is contended that not only in particular cases, but as regards all mortals, causes had been generated in previous lives which bore fruits of physical, mental and moral infirmities. That they are reaping as they had sown, and, viewed from one aspect, were deserving of their lot.

How then can their Master relieve them of their just desserts? By voluntarily becoming responsible for the unpaid debts of the beneficiary, in so doing exercising a discrimination born, not of cold mental logic, nor unreasoning, emotional compassion, but of the refined and united spirit of both.

These statements will hardly surprise anybody, but there are some phases of the subject interesting to consider. It is entirely possible to arrive at the above conclusion by approaching the question from the standpoint of the law of cause and effect. Further, the most important, why do these miracles not happen daily instead of occuring only on particular occasions. Surely it is not because of lack of sincere faith.

No; it is because the conditions and circumstances are different. While physically before the world a Teacher does wonders with

physical things. All who approach Him, firmly believing in Him, are the recipients of benefits corresponding with the nature of the contact. The bodily afflicted, having no clearer idea of happiness than good health, are restored to health; and the philosopher, desiring spiritual illumination, is shown the light. He is the channel for unlimited regenerating and purifying influences, shed upon the human life around Him; all the burdens of their souls that the multitude can give up, He takes upon Himself, and thus the cumulative effect of these acts of self-sacrifice becomes physically unbearable.

Always the Master stands ready to help those who aspire to reach Him, but the aspirant must go to the place of the Master. He cannot come to us except at the end, or beginning, of cyclic periods. The only condition now permitting conscious communion between Master and disciple is the desire on the part of the disciple to unify his tendencies and merge them into the one purpose in which the Master's intent and will is centered; to completely understand the fundamental principles and purpose of human evolution and work in harmony therewith.

It follows then that conscious communion between the aspiring student and the spirit of his Master implies a spiritual development so unusual and extraordinary, though not impossible, that, the ideal condition existing, it is a matter of little concern to the aspirant what his worldly condition may be.

THE TIDE OF LIFE.

(*Concluded.*)

The pressure of the descending evolution of the Planetary Spirits or Elohim—seeking for objective, physical existence—upon the previously formed animal kingdom, caused the evolution of a fitting physical vehicle from the highest representatives of that kingdom. Hence we get physical man as we know him, descended on the one side from the animal kingdom, and on the other from his divine progenitors, the Planetary Spirits. We have compared this dual evolution to two converging curves. A too great attraction towards the material, physical side of man's nature keeps the modern materialist from seeing more than one of these curves. The modern Scientist is colour-blind to spirit, to him man is merely—

"A quintessence of dust."

But to intuitional minds at the present day, as to our more spiritual ancestors, both curves are visible; besides the physical man they could see the spiritual man

"In action like an angel; in apprehension like a God."

To return to the standpoint from which we viewed the previous kingdoms, we perceive that the introduction of this new factor in evolution corresponds to the addition from above of a new element in the series of ascending spirituality. With man is added the Fire-Element, in its aspect of the divine light or reason. It corresponds to *manas* in Eastern systems. Another aspect of *manas,* considered idealistically this time, by virtue of which it "creates for itself an external world of delight,"[1] would correspond to the quality of colour in the fire element. Of the earliest races of men we learn that they were purely frugivorous and perhaps androgyne.

With the formation of man the cosmogony of Genesis closes. We are justified in supposing that, as the union of form with the elements of Earth, Water, Air, and Fire produced the objective Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, and Human kingdoms, so these elements, divorced from Form, should have their appropriate kingdoms of beings, or forms of life, if we can use this term for something so widely different from all ordinary forms of life. These

1 Vide Sankaracharya's "*Viveka Chudamani.*"

subjective kingdoms of the four elements would correspond to the Rosicrucian conceptions of "primordial earth" and the "Fire, Air, and Water Elementals."

We may go further than this, and, carrying on our inference, postulate for the spiritual ether, and even for the divine Logos, their appropriate qualities of being. To a conception somewhat similar to what the last of these would involve, the Gnostics gave the name of Æons; for the first—the ether-beings—we have the Indian titles of *gandharva,*—celestial musician,—or *Deva.* But having gone thus far, we are driven a step further. We have already seen all the links in the chain of elements in ascending spirituality picked up one by one by the ascending tide of Evolution, up to the elemental fire; let us advance a step, and postulate that the other two emanations or planes—the Ether-Spirit and the Logos—should ultimately be picked up by the Evolutionary tide. With the resumption of the first, instead of a human being we should have a "Spiritual Man," and form a re-union with the Logos we should have a "Divine Man, Perfected and Eternal," or, giving to these conceptions the names already appropriated to them in the East, we should have in the first case a *Mahatma,* in the second a perfect *Buddha.*

It is now time to point out that the pure elements of Ether, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth are not these bodies as we know them. The five classes of objects (corresponding to these five elements) known to us, being all on the physical plane, all belong properly to a single category, and may be called for the sake of distinction the Mundane Elements. To make this clearer, let us suppose that Mundane Earth—the mineral kingdom in its various forms—is composed of five parts of the element earth, while Mundane Water (everything cognized by the sense of taste) is composed of four parts of the element of earth added to one part of the element of water. Similarly the Air-element known to us on the physical plane (corresponding, as we have seen, to the sense of touch) is composed of four parts of the earth elements, with one part of the pure elemental air added; and the Fire and Ether elements as known to our physical or waking consciousness are each composed of four parts—with one part of fire and ether respectively added.

These considerations will prepare us to believe that the real elements are purer and more spiritual than their representatives on

the physical plane[1], and that they will be represented by different compounds on each plane (or as it is called in some works, *planet*) on the water plane (or planet), for instance, what we may for convenience term Undine Earth will be represented by four parts of the earth element; Undine part will be five parts elemental water; while Undine air will be composed of four parts elemental water, added to one part elemental air, and so on.

The composition elements as present on each plane or planet, may similarly be deduced by observing carefully the principle which governs these combinations. We should warn our readers that these examples are given by way of illustration, and not as representing accurately and numerically the combined elements as they actually occur; they are really formed on a much more complex principle.[2]

In our illustrations we have, for convenience sake, confined ourselves to the five objective elements, though of course it must not be forgotten that the energising spirit runs through the whole series on every plane.

The pure spiritual or elemental ether is the macrocosmic counterpart of that principle of the microcosm termed *Buddhi* by eastern mystics.[3]

The Logos corresponds to the *Atma* in the same speculations.

We have seen that to the four principles—Form or *Linga,* vitality or *Jiva,* substance or *Sthula Sarira,* motion under desire or Kama—of the animal, man has added a fifth,—corresponding to the macrocosmic elemental Fire,—human reason or *Manas.*

Our speculations as to the two superhuman Kingdoms are also

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1 This is one reason for calling the objective phenomenal world an "illusion." It is an illusion and ever impermanent because the matter of which the objects are composed continually returns to the primordial condition of matter, where it is invisible to mortal eyes. The earth, water, air and fire that we think we see are respectively only the effects produced on our senses by the primordial matter held in either of the combinations that bring about the vibration properly belonging to those classes: the moment the combination is entirely broken, the phenomena cease and we see the objects no more.—[H. P. B.]

2 Vide "*Man; Fragments of Forgotten History,*" p. 13, note.

3 Vide "Esoteric Buddhism."

in harmony with these eastern theories; the element of *Buddhi* being added to form the *Mahatma;* and *Atma* completing the *Buddha,* perfected and divine.

The perfect Buddha, though not possessing a physical body, or, indeed, being united to principles on any of the objective planes, will still retain the spiritual counterparts of these principles, corresponding to groups of experiences gained on each plane. It is by these spiritual principles that the *Buddha* is richer than the *Aeon;* it is in virtue of them that the *Ascending* excels the *Descending Planetary Spirit,* or *Dhyan Chohan.* These spiritual principles constitute the end and aim of evolution, and justify the cosmic expansion and involution.

The evolutionary tide, in generating the higher kingdoms, has flowed, as we have seen, from the earth element towards pure Spirit. In obedience to this tendency, man in achieving his apotheosis must, gradually losing his hold on the world of matter, add to his treasure in the world's divine; until humanity becomes ever freer, stronger and more perfect, and returns at last, refreshed, to his home in the bosom of the perfect God.

DAUDET'S PSYCHOLOGY.

Now that his admiring countrymen have determined to erect a monument to Alphonse Daudet, we, though mere foreigners, who yet have found in him delight and solace, may well try to render ourselves some account of him, to show that we too know why he is admitted to the temple of fame.

I am the more willing to weave my own wreath of laurel for the adorning of his pedestal, because I came to know him under such happy auspices,—the man invisible, not the outer man; reading his masterpiece in his own *Midi*, close to that Tarascon, which he has made beloved of the world, though losing its own love, and following that adventurous voyage in phantasy while threading the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the holiday sea of a land of carnival.

Coming fresh from Gibraltar with its swarthy faces and Moorish battlements, its outlandish Maugrabins and Almohades rubbing shoulders with degenerate Dons and Hidalgos; under the shadow of the secular Rock, where Africa shakes hands with Europa, and pours out a tribute of gorgeous-colored fruit in the cloistered market-place; where fezes and crimson sashes glow in the golden haze, and eyes like black velvet flowers gleam through veils of lace, my mind was well attuned to follow with love and sympathy the prodigious adventures of the Man from Tarascon. Therefore I tender the more gladly my wreath of bays.

Tartarin remains Daudet's best creation, the standard and measure of all the rest, a new organic type added to literature, the Meridional, the typical Man of the South. The fervent fancy, the fickle will, the tumultuous energy, and that mirage of golden sunshine which, bathing his favored land, overflows the natural world, and flooding inward through his eyes and mind, tinges his whole world supernatural,—this complex and self-contradicting psychology, Tartarin of Tarascon embodies it all.

Yet for all the mirage and phantasy, with what perfect definiteness of realisation, with what Gallic lucidity of detail, with what infinite art and artifice Daudet attains his effect. In comparison with these skillful Frenchmen, all our writers of prose are mere apprentices. Note how Daudet approaches his theme. We come to Tartarin our Meridional, through a colored haze, the mirage of

his sunlit land. Daudet does not flash his hero on our haze at once, performing some act of valor, for this would be to risk a discordant mood in us; he rather leads us, very daintily and courteously, to the bank of his beautiful Rhone, with its bronzed olive-gardens swimming in the sunshine, its ruddy clusters of Muscat grapes amid autumn-tinted leaves, its blue wavelets rippled to the Southern air; then over the Beaucaire bridge, he leads us across the river, and into Tarascon itself, while we vent our wonder and delight at the scene's enchantment in such eloquent interjections as *zut* and *pecairé*. So the mirage gathers round us, as we come to Tartarin's garden-gate; that sturdy structure barred and bossed with iron, which the hero swung open before him, till its clang disturbed the echoes, and waked from their slumbers the brown-eyed shoeblacks from Savoy among the mountains.

In his snug retreat, at the bottom of that garden wherein are none but African or Oriental growths, though the cocoa-nut palms are but as big as beet-roots, and the baobab (arbos gigantea) finds a roomy dwelling in a mignonette-pot, we find the hero himself, with a medley of foreign weapons, from the flint arrows of the Indian, the poisonous barb of the Amazon savage, and the treacherous Malay kriss to the latest rifle and many-chambered revolver, adorning his walls. On the table are the work of all travelers, pioneers, explorers, adventurers, from the Chronicles of Mungo Park to the hardly less authentic histories of Fenimore Cooper. Armed with a huge pipe, encircled with wreaths of smoke, the Man of Tarascon reads, shouting to himself as the guns flash and the bullets fly, and brandishing his hairy fist, as he sticks out that terrible underlip which accentuates the fierceness of his stubby beard. In this heroic atmosphere, we overlook, or note only to forget, the checked silk handkerchief bound round his brow, the flannel shirt and drawers, and the feet slip-shod. The hero looms large through a golden haze, short, stout, sturdy, hairy, ruddy-faced, and with terrible gleaming eye,—for as he looks up, he is tracking the Sioux through the pathless forest, and the smell of blood is in his nostrils.

All this is an authentic embodiment of the magic of fancy; not imagination, which is in reality very different, but fancy; and, when we rightly understand him, Daudet's Man of the South, *l'homme du Midi,* the *Meridional,* is the Man of Fancy, in whom will and

action flow neither from intuition nor from reason, neither from religious enthusiasm nor even from sensual imaginings, but direct from half-faeric, half-demoniac phantasy, whose creations have charm, color, richness, or even grim and formidable terror, all things, in a word, except reality.

This is why Daudet has heaped up such lavish decoration, and skillfully intertwined so much of artifice; this is the secret of that luxuriance which he breaks forth in, and which, in trying to indicate him, we have reproduced; he is singing the hymn of Fancy, most fascinating and most elusive of the Muses. And before we go further, let us try to make quite clear in our own minds what we mean by fancy, and why and wherein we hold it to differ from imagination. For the two, while popularly intermixed, are really polar opposites, as different as wit and humor, as far from each other as is regenerate from unregenerate man.

Let us begin by an example. Take one of the loveliest things on earth, a Gothic cathedral. There both imagination and fancy run riot, and we can visibly apprehend their difference. The upright lines of the pillars, the walls, the buttresses, the fine curve of every arch, are works of imagination; the corbels carved grotesque and grim, the gargoiles, those hideous faces with lolling tongues or wierdly grimacing, even the puffy cherubs, are works of fancy, things of a different order, of a different world. For the lines of pillar and buttress are a part of nature, of reality, being no other than upward growths of the axis of our venerable mother the earth, leading to her very heart; and on their so leading, depends the very life of the cathedral. And the delicate yet infinitely firm and definite curves of every arch are derivative from these, no more subject to caprice than are the orbits of the stars; lines of force made visible, as are the lines of filings which, in curves quite analogous, span the void between pole and pole of a powerful magnet. We may truly say that every line of the cathedral was there beforehand, nay, from the very beginning of things, and all the builders have done, is to have followed the invisible plan, traced out by immemorial reality.

But the corbels, the grinning faces, the wreaths of acanthus,—these have no necessity in nature; violate every line of the human face, every structural detail of the leaf or flower, and the corbels

will still hold together; nay, we shall find a certain delight in this very wantonness, a sense of liberation from the tyranny of the actual. Yet it is of the essence of fancy that, though leaving the actual, we have not attained to the real; while imagination has led us to that very thing, for in leaving the actual surface of the earth, in our building, we have revealed and made visible the venerable laws that hold the earth together, and hold it in its place amongst the infinite multitudes of the heavenly host.

So that we reach this tentative definition: imagination is the power to embody in images an invisible reality; fancy is the power to embody in images an invisible unreality. And so back again to the man of Tarascon.

Tartarin is full of energy, yet he accomplishes nothing. His mind seethes with unbridled ambitions, he has read every book of adventure, followed the footsteps of every traveler to remotest corners of the globe; yet in reality he has never left his native village,—for Tarascon is hardly more. He has not even crossed that lace-like strip of bridge which spans the Rhone, to visit the smiling twin-townlet of Beaucaire, for the bridge looks so frail, the hero is heavy, the river is broad, *et autremain qué voulez-vous?* a man must take care of himself.

Daudet, working unconsciously, and therefore the more surely, leads us to his hero through an atmosphere of mirage, thereby putting us out of focus for reality, and preparing our minds for phantasmagoria. Take the "garden of the baobab" with its tiny palm-trees as big as beets, and its *arbos gigantea* in a mignonette-pot. Think of the whole of that corner of France, and let the palm-trees of the Corniche come back to your memory, and the heavy-scented magnolias, and the richly-clustering oleanders. Tartarin might easily have grown palms thirty feet high. But then their use as symbolism would have been destroyed. And he could, not improbably, have raised a baobab at least to the height of his own modest roof, in that land of glowing sunlight, but then as an index of his mood, its occupation would be gone.

With equal sureness of touch, Daudet fixes on his hero's occupation. In fact, Tartarin has none. He is a rentier, living on dividends, living on his country's taxes, living, to be quite strict, on the toil of others and the sweat of other's brows. For if we

touch on the real and unreal, and their contrast, we must come to this: there are but two classes of men,—those who work themselves, and those who, by a thousand artifices and fictions, work others; and to these latter, Tartarin belongs. He is in the air, not on firm earth, as befits the genius of fancy. He is eating other folks' bread. And so with his environment. With endless art Daudet paints it, using delicious hyperbole himself, while painting that hyperbolic world that surrounds his hero. The head of Tarascon is Tartarin, and to what does he owe his uncrowned kingship? To his skill as a hunter—of caps! For by misfortune, while the men of Tarascon are enraged hunters, game is lacking round their city, absolutely lacking. Not a rabbit, not a quail, neither feather nor fur, if we except that wily veteran hare, "the Express," who by arts almost of enchantment has ever evaded the Nimrods of Tarascon, and will ever evade them. Even the wild-ducks, flying down the Rhone valley in long triangles towards Camargue, when they see its steeples on the horizon, swerve aside, their leader hoarsely quacking: "Tarascon! beware!" So Tartarin's fellow-citizens every Sunday and feast-day betake themselves to the fields and woods, and after a jolly collation, sprinkled with one of those Provençal wines that carries mirth and gladness, toss their caps in the air, and shoot at them; every Sunday morning, Tartarin goes forth with a new hunting-cap, and returns with a mere rag, battered out of human semblance, and poised triumphantly on the point of his shouldered gun.

And the romances that delight their susceptible hearts! Here, too, is the inevitable mirage. Tartarin's own duet of Robert the Devil, sung with Mme. Bézuquet the mother, wherein the hero's part consists in fiercely intoning a thrice-repeated "No!" is typical of it all. And the very powers are fictitious; the "army" is for Tartarin; the army is represented by "Commandant" Bravida, a retired military tailor! Thus does Daudet weave the mirage round his hero, and having bound the spell upon our eyes, carries him forth to do doughty deeds. Tartarin after heroic hesitation and more heroic determination, at last starts for Africa, to hunt the lions of Atlas. He arrives in the perfectly domesticated port of Algiers, after a tempestuous voyage, and, when the negro porters swarm aboard the ship, he takes them for pirates, and rushes on them

with drawn cutlass, grasping his revolver. The danger is fantastic, but his valor is real. And so with his next adventure, the first shot of his campaign,—which, aimed at a lion, as he devoutly believed, slew a diminutive donkey; the "arrival of the female," which all the hunting books had prepared him for, degenerating into an attack by a gaunt Alsatian woman, the owner of the martyred donkey, who belabors him over the head with a stout umbrella.

So the mirage goes on; real will, real energy, real courage, even real romance, but all flowing from unreal fancies, ending in futility, suspended in the air. The pursuit of the veiled beauty, whose velvet eyes enchanted him, while her little foot caressed his big hunting boot, pattering over it like a little red mouse, her gift of a chaplet of jasmin, her sudden departure; then the providential intervention of Prince Gregory of Montenegro, who discovers the lost charmer and weaves an Oriental romance for Tartarin, to the great detriment of the hero's pocket-book; the languorous ease and slothful days in the house of Baïa, lulled by her songs and caresses; the return to duty, and the departure to the South,—all is delicately yet with perfect firmness woven from the web of fancy, where the will moves from springs of unreality, and therefore leaves Tartarin ever with a handful of air as sole trophy. Finally the climax. Tartarin shoots his lion, with as valiant trepidation as any hunter of them all, only to find that he has put to death a blind pensioner, the tame begging lion of a pair of Ethiopians. Even for Tartarin himself, the mirage suddenly breaks, and he is left face to face with bitter, humiliating reality. But not for long. The perfidy of Prince Gregory, the treachery of Baïa, the days of waiting on the law, the hundred deceptions, all are forgotten, and when we see the last of Tartarin, as he re-enters Tarascon escorted by his faithful camel, and preceded by the skin of the blind lion, the faeric demonic phantasy which is his evil genius has resumed its sway; Tarascon has fallen under its power, with Commandant Bravida, the retired military tailor, at its head, and the illusion steals insiduous into Tartarin's own eyes and floods his soul. Arm in arm with the brave Comandant he re-enters the city, calling up tremendous memories of his hunts in darkest Africa: "Imagine a certain evening, in the heart of the Sahara....." and the curtain falls.

When we come to the summing up, although there is abundant

wit in Daudet's masterpiece, and luxuriant fancy, with a style that, for pure grace and color, stands unrivaled, yet we cannot say that the total impression is a cheering one, or such as better fits us to fight the battle of life. On the contrary, when the smile dies away from our faces, as we lay down the book, when the sun sets over Tarascon, and the dust of the Avignon road which had hung as a golden haze in the air, grows to a dark cloud, and night closes over the valley, we are conscious of an inward feeling of misgiving, a sense of weakness, a depression, and haunting unreality, anything but comforting or re-assuring.

In perfect justice, we are compelled to say that something of the same kind may be laid to the charge of all that Daudet has done; it is very bright and very charming at first glace, but the heart within it is bitter. And in this very bitterness, quite unknown to himself, perhaps, lies Daudet's permanent value. For he is true to his text, and he has painted truly a great organic type, embodying powers of our souls which do assuredly lead us astray, and do assuredly end in bitterness.

The next great portrait which Daudet has drawn, taking the moral rather than the chronologic order of his work, is the Nabab. It is hardly necessary to say that he uses the title, not in its strict sense, as a Mussulman viceroy, but rather in the Anglo-Indian way, as a "Nabob,"—one who has made a fortune in the East. The field in which the Nabab plays his part, is very like the environment of the Tarascon hero; we are carried from the Midi, the sunny land of Provence, to the glaring sunlight, the white dust, the skies of glittering blue across the Mediterranean; we have, rather suggested than described, the same breathless, gaudy, corrupt life of northern Africa, and finally, when the character and fortunes of the Nabab are formed in these shining lands, he is carried to Paris, where his destiny works itself out.

We have here hardly any effort to conceal the tragedy, the root of bitterness, which has already begun to show itself in the gay and careless life of Tarascon. The story of the Nabab is one long tale of deceit, of false pretences, of unreal values. There is the same abundant virility in the Nabab as in Tartarin; he is sturdy, red-faced, explosive, enthusiastic, full of human sympathy and soft-heartedness, and full of very real power and courage. If his will

were founded in the real, he might do wonderful things, but he is cursed with the same infirmity which is the undoing of Tartarin; he is carried away by a too exhuberant fancy, a power of building images not based in truth; a fatal lack of the sense of reality, which leads him into wholly misleading and grotesque estimates of men and things, into over-confidence, into unsound speculation and final ruin.

There was a certain pleasure in following Tartarin in his adventures, his loves, his illusions; there is no pleasure in following the fortunes of the Nabab; it is all too sordid, too heartless. We feel beforehand the deception which is to be played upon him in the Corsican election, the failure of all the artful "combinazioni" of the speculator who is his undoing, the heartless defection of his friends; and at the end the Nabab stands before us pitiful, discredited, dishonored, a very monument and warning of human frailty.

But herein lies Daudet's power: the Nabab never loses our sympathy; never for a moment do we lose the sense of his humanity, of his nearness to ourselves and our own weakness; nay, it is this very nearness which makes us shudder and leaves us chilled with apprehension lest a like fate befall ourselves. The Nabab is a very real figure, very strong and human, even far above the common stature of our humanity; he is in a sense a hero, as was Tartarin, fighting with real valor, real power, but fighting quite in vain, because his powers were founded in falseness, and could give birth only to futility.

In Mephistopheles, Goethe has painted, not a demon, but a human being whose will flows directly from the material reason; and all the tragedy of Faust follows from that one thing. Goethe did not intend to moralise. He simply painted life. But life itself moralises, and brings us ever face to face with eternal law. And the law of our humanity we find to be this: there are in us two poles, two tendencies; the one is individual; the other, universal. The one leads us to ever-growing egotism, to increasing hardness, to perpetually deepening illusion, hiding the real life of others from us, hiding the fair light of heaven, finally hiding us from ourselves. The other leads us away from the center of egotism, towards the one soul of universal man. Between the two, there is a point of equal balance, a turning point; it is the line dividing unregenerate

from regenerate man. It is easy to set a test. When a point comes, as it comes to all, where one must choose between the sense of his own selfish purpose and the sense of the soul in another demanding equal justice, equal mercy; if he chooses to sacrifice his own desire, and to do justice to the other, he is regenerate. If he sacrifices the other to his desire and egotism, he is still under the ban. It is a question of realising each others' souls. All morality comes from that. And as a man acts, so he will believe; for the will in reality precedes the understanding, and it is well and truly said that we must do the will, if we would understand the doctrine. Act opens or closes the door to understanding. If the door be opened, then the man who lives according to the common soul, realising the soul in others as of equal reality and validity with his own, will move ever towards the universal in himself, and it will be easy, nay, it will be inevitable for him to believe in immortality and everlasting good. But if he has closed the door, and shut out the sense of his neighbor's soul, sacrificing his neighbor to himself, then he will find it impossible to believe; corrupt act has corrupted understanding and heart, and he is forced even against his will to become "the spirit which evermore denies."

This is the immemorial moral of life itself; they are the great painters of life, who follow and realise this law, and embody it in their work. All others are ephemera, mere mountebanks of literature, mummers, collecting pence that are thrown to them in the dust.

To regenerate man belongs the sense of the universal human soul. With it follow what we may call the new fruits of the spirit: understanding, humor, imagination. Understanding, the power of perceiving the invisible real; imagination, the power of imaging the invisible real; humor, the power of realising, under all weakness, our lasting strength, with the joyousness and gaiety which comes of that realisation.

To unregenerate man belongs an increasing sense of, and reverence for, his own egotism, with all the pains that follow after vanity, self-consciousness, hostility, isolation, final induration and death. He has not understanding, but reasoning, which, the further it goes, the more it misleads him; not imagination but fancy, the power, working even against his will, and to his own destruction, of imaging invisible unrealities; and wit, the desire to laugh at others, in-

stead of laughing with them, to score off them, to sharpen his wit on them, careless of wounds and humiliation inflicted.

In Mephistopheles, Goethe has painted no cosmic devil, but the demonic intellect of unregenerate man, for the unregenerate intellect is necessarily demonic; in Faust, he has painted the moral weakness, the readiness to sacrifice others, which is the seed-bed of that intellect. In the Walpurgis Night, he has painted the wild and unclean fancy which flows from both, leading the victim ever deeper into the blackness of the void. Yet throughout Goethe's work, he shows action as flowing from reasoning; from the analytic power of the lower mind. What Daudet has done, is to show the same tragedy, as flowing from the fancy, the power of imaging the unreal, which, first a servant, soon becomes a master, and, like some Oriental Djin, drags its evoker to destruction.

Daudet has added a third great figure to his studies of the Meridional, in Numa Roumestan. What Tartarin was in the world of adventure, what the Nabab was in the world of finance, Numa Roumestan is in the world of politics. With Tartarin, as his undertakings were not very serious, touching no one but himself, and himself only lightly and without tragic result, we can sympathise, even with a certain sense of humor and enjoyment. But when we come to the Nabab, and, even more, to Numa Roumestan, and find the same faculty or frailty in them involving those around them in common ruin, we have only that enjoyment which ever comes from a sense of truth, but of pleasure strictly speaking, none at all.

Numa Roumestan is, in person, much the same as the other two: sturdy, red-faced, full of magnetism and vital energy, a very virile and forcible type of humanity. Fancy, in Tartarin, led to a harmless habit of enthusiastic romance, a most eloquent relation of things that might have happened, and therefore might as well be accepted for fact. In the Nabab, the same eloquence is present, but he most of all deceives himself. He is his own worst victim. Numa Roumestan, equally eloquent, exercises the same spell of magnetic speech, on those around him, on his own life, his secretary, his friends, his protégés, his colleagues; the result is not less disastrous. We have all through the sense of handling counterfeit coin, of dealing with false measures, of looking at paste diamonds, the sense of being cheated, even of cheating ourselves.

Numa's eloquent tongue, his myth-making faculty, lead him onward step by step, to what the world would call, and did call, a great achievement, a highly successful career. He rises to be the leading local politician, the popular deputy, the minister, and is overtaken by no open or conspicuous disaster. The disaster is rather in his continuance in the horrible unreality he spreads round him, in the devastation which is worked by him in the lives of others, as for example that poor minstrel whom he entices from the sunny South to the Paris music halls; where his fantasia on the flute, that famous melody which "came to him one evening, as he listened to the nightingale," provokes nothing but mockery and derision; but the flutist is never convinced of his own failure; he goes on, believing himself the victim of jealous machinations, till all under his influence are involved with him in common chaos. This very glamor in which the minstrel lives is but a minor outcome of Numa's power, of that universal atmosphere of lying which everywhere surrounds him. For Daudet here casts aside cap and bells, and comes forth as a homilist, even a prophet; there is no pretence of amusing us, as there was in Tartarin, but simply a stern drawing of the truth, of the inevitable fruit of false dealing, which would not be out of place in the Inferno.

(*To be Continued.*)

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